

Songs *of the*  
Western Sea

E. S. Goodhue

811.5  
G618s

Goodhue, E. S.

4435

AUTHOR

Song of The Western Sea.

TITLE

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

~~NOV~~ 11 '87

Ed. Johnson

NOV 15 '87

U

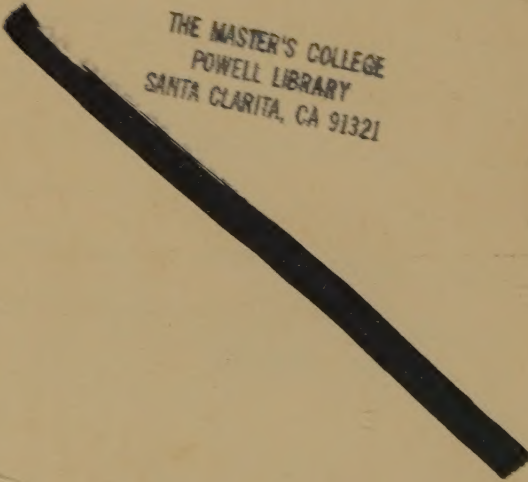
MAR 5 '88

M. Riestra

811.5  
G618s

4435

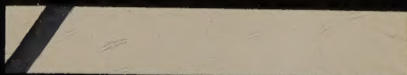
THE MASTER'S COLLEGE  
POWELL LIBRARY  
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

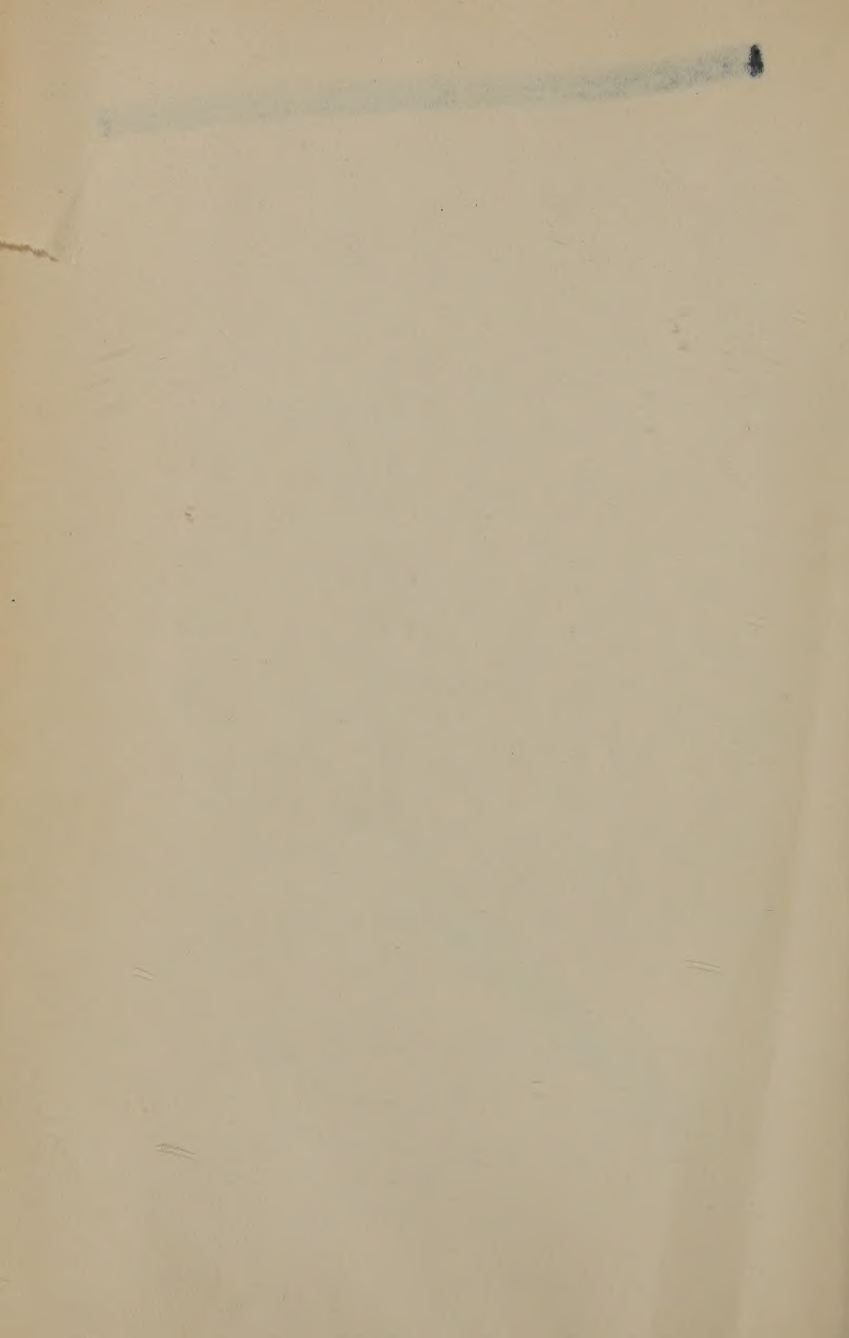




Ex Libris

This Book the Gift of





















A WEE GIRLIE

# Songs *of the* Western Sea

by

E. S. Goodhue, M. D.

Blair-Murdock Company  
San Francisco  
1911

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE  
POWELL LIBRARY  
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

Copyright 1911  
E. S. Goodhue

TO ONE THOUSAND BOYS AND  
GIRLS IN KONA — AND OTHERS





## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### UNDER THE SILVER MOON

	PAGE
A New Constellation .....	11
Aloha Nui Oe! .....	12
Menehunes and Magic: No Less.....	14
The Self-Same Star .....	17
Two States .....	18
Tropical Snow .....	19
A Royal Palm Am I .....	21
Mr. Kukui .....	23
The Peaceful Palm .....	24
The Silent Land .....	26
Grandmother's Tree .....	31
My Native Hawaii .....	33

### ALL OUT OF THE WEST

Our Girl .....	37
The Cherry Bough .....	39
The Song of the Weed .....	40
Rain .....	44
Over by Keauhou .....	46
No Chimbleys in Hawaii .....	48
A Wee Girlie .....	49
Big Words .....	50

Ripe Guavas .....	52
Lucina .....	53
Which? .....	54
Our Camp-House in the Tree .....	56

## BREATHE AND BLOW

Early Birds and Worms .....	61
Spider, Spider .....	63
How the Lava Flowed at Kau .....	65
Can't You Talk? .....	67
Fit for a Queen .....	68
Pillow Thoughts .....	69
Not a Lava or Pupa or Stupid Old Grub .....	71
The Sunday Sermon .....	75
Rock-a-Bye Earth .....	77

## SLEEP AND REST

The Pine Tree's Lullaby .....	81
That Is the Place to Go .....	82
Gone to Sleep .....	84
Guide Me! .....	86

## ENVOY

The Book's Done .....	91
Glossary .....	93

UNDER THE SILVER MOON



## A New Constellation

(For those who have been annexed to us)

**A** NEW constellation we have for you—see!  
Eight bright island stars in the Sky of  
the Sea!

Our sweet land, our Homeland, your own  
Hawaii!

## Aloha Nui Oe!

UNDER our palms and stars, you come,  
Strangers across the sea!  
Gladly we greet you to the shores  
Of our happy Hawaii!

Nowhere will fairer sky o'erspread  
Its canopy of blue;  
Nowhere will purer moonbeams fall,  
Or gentler stars shine through!

Chance it that storms break on our rocks,  
Sudden they pass in spray;  
Turning from evil to benign—  
Changing from wrath to play!

Nowhere will breezes blow more soft;  
Nowhere will sun and rain  
Mingle in such a mystic arch  
Over the hill and plain!



Nowhere are woody slopes more green,  
Nowhere are tints more rare;  
Sweet are the flowers which bloom unseen,  
Scenting the evening air!

Nowhere are fruits more fresh and free  
Under the overhead;  
Cooled by the touch of the morning dew—  
Luscious and ripe and red!

Voices of maidens here are low—  
Notes of the western wind,  
Charming the ears with their cadences—  
Musical, soft and kind.

Nowhere are smiles more genuine,  
Nowhere are hearts more true;  
Welcome from every isle of us—  
Welcome to each of you!

## Menehunes and Magic: No Less

**T**HE most puzzling thing to know  
Is how cocoanut milk could grow!

Nothing but magic could get it there  
In a hard shell way up in the air;  
Corked in a bottle—a glassful or two—  
Sweeter than anything you could brew;  
Fresh and sparkling and better than wine—  
Oh, a drink of cocoanut milk is fine!

It's a puzzling thing to me  
How the milk got up to the top of the tree  
When the rocks and the sand are as dry as can  
be!

And the trunk isn't hollow and hasn't a pump;  
If it had, you could hear it go thump, thump,  
thump:

It's the puzzlingest thing as ever could be  
To know how the milk got up through the tree.

There are some things about fairies, I know,  
Which appear they could n't be so;  
But so long as my cocoanut-tree  
Can draw milk up out of the sea,—  
Can get it inside of a shell  
Without spilling a drop,—I can tell  
You it's magic: Menehunes, I guess,—  
Menehunes and magic—no less.

They probably work in the night,  
When the moon is full-faced and so bright  
You can count all the paths on the sea,  
As they pass back and forth to the tree,  
Richly dressed in their gold-burnished scales,  
Carrying proudly their new silver pails  
That are filled, I am sure, with sweet milk  
Which mermaids and gnomes and their ilk  
Steal from the cows of the sea  
For the cocoanut-trees, and for me.

And by the soft light of the moon  
They count all the nuts, which are soon  
Filled with this milk to the brim;  
So they work on and on till the rim  
Of the moon sinks into the sea,  
When work time is over in dear Hawaii.

It's the only way to explain this, you see,  
For there on the shell are the finger-marks,  
three!

## The Selfsame Star

**I**T is truly very pretty  
That, no matter where you are,  
You can see the same moon smiling,  
And the same wee blinking star!

And, perhaps, as you are looking  
Towards the silvery spangled sky,  
In a distant land, some loved one  
Watches one pure star on high!

And your thoughts together blending  
Under the vast dome of blue,  
Exchange greetings in the azure,  
Leaving messages for you!

Eyes of Heaven—God's own portholes—  
Fixed on every land and sea,  
Through them may He watch and guard us  
Wheresoever we may be!

## Two States

**I**SN'T it funny that I should be  
Born in our dear old Hawaii,  
While you, little friend of mine, came down  
Into that snow-swept Boston-town?

Here palm-trees, blossoms, and balmy air  
Waving and blowing everywhere;  
Star-shine and moonlight and happiness—  
Everything always to cheer and bless!

Though, some way, your face seems just as  
bright,  
Your smile as sweet, your step as light;  
I guess it is n't so much the part  
Of the State, as the state of your heart!



## Tropical Snow

**M**<sup>Y</sup> papa tells me about the snow,  
How it looks and it feels as it falls  
below,

Over the tender things which grow;  
And often I wish I could see it fall  
Till it covered the lawn and rough stone wall;  
With my hands I would squeeze it into a ball  
As school boys and girls who are out at play  
Do in cold countries far away.

But I fear I should n't want it to stay  
Any more than one or a half of a day,  
Because if it did my flowers would freeze—  
And what would become of the beautiful trees  
And the pretty things which grow around  
Out of the cave-mined fairy ground?  
Besides, on the top of Hualalai,  
Up close to the wonderful clouds and sky,  
Sometimes the snow lies cold and white  
Where it has fallen in the night;

And we have only to ride and ride  
Up the whole of the mountainside  
To come at last into frosty air  
Where Winter is planted everywhere.  
I am sure I will never need to go  
Out of Hawaii to see the snow—  
For it falls on the coffee-trees pure and white,  
Starry and lacy, and soft and light;  
Melting in sunlight to green and pink—  
That is the snow for me, I think.

## A Royal Palm Am I

I AM royal by birthright,  
Tall and branchless I rise,  
Waving my plumes in the light,  
Lifting my head to the skies.

Aristocrat, prince and king—  
Few dare deny my claim;  
Of my bearing poets sing—  
Of my dignity and name.

I grace the houses of the great,  
Stately mansion and hall;  
Guarding the iron-clad gate  
Or the massive moss-grown wall.

I reach not hands to men,  
I grant no grateful shade;  
My nature is cold, and then  
Of contact I am afraid.

Let the monkey-pod extend  
To all its shelter free,  
Reach abroad its arms and bend  
Toward the earth in sympathy.

Such work shall never be mine;  
Look at my tasseled breast!  
Kingly, by right divine—  
Knighted by mark and crest!

## Mr. Kukui

I KNOW why you are called a lamp,  
Dear Mr. Kukui tree;  
Up in the forest cool and damp  
You stand as ghostly as can be!  
Dressed so white in the bleached moonlight,  
Like a phosphorous tent in the darkest night—  
You must be some fairy guide,  
Pitched on the rough-hewn mountainside!

Nuts and blossoms the whole year round  
Hang from your branches or fall to the  
ground;  
And, like the rest of the ghosts, you know,  
Your head gets whiter the older you grow;  
Your new leaves are fuzzy, O funny Kukui—  
I send you my fond *aloha nui!*

## The Peaceful Palm

**H**OW does it rise and soar  
Up from our sunny shore,  
Washed by rough seas;  
Free from all branching care,  
Waving with grace so fair,  
Fanned by the breeze!

Reaching high over all,  
Stately and slim and tall—  
Cocoanut palm!  
Bearing its burden, too,  
All the bright season through—  
Patient and calm!

And when our heads are white,  
There, standing young and bright,  
Will rise our tree,  
Fringing the blackened beach—  
Far as the eye can reach—  
Along the sea!



Dear, patient, peaceful palm,  
Thou art a cheerful psalm  
Of praise to Him!  
Through all the night and day,  
Thou singest on thy way—  
Thy tropic hymn!

## The Silent Land

I LAY upon a grassy bed  
And gazed through *koas* overhead  
Into the wondrous sky,  
Which seemed a picture made to please  
Any below, taking their ease  
And looking up on high.

And, thinking of ethereal things,  
My roving thoughts took subtile wings  
And skyward flew,  
Past every cloud and earthly mist,  
Until the arch of heaven they kissed  
As sunbeams do.

I saw vast miles of continent  
By rocky rib and chasm rent  
And stretching shore,  
Toward which a waste of waters swayed,  
By calm and silence unobeyed,  
With surge and roar.

On, on I went in thought, until  
The rush of wind and wave were still,  
While under me  
Mountain and valley, side by side,  
Stretched level with the ocean wide,  
And lake and sea.

But faster upward now I flew,  
When earth into a spheroid grew—  
A glittering ball,  
Just like the stars I oft had seen,  
As bright and distant, too, I ween—  
As round and small.

And lo! beneath me came to view  
More land and water, strange and new—  
Another earth,—  
To which in eagerness I sped  
And many words in wonder said  
At the strange birth.

'T was dear Hawaii all alone,  
Just by itself in seas unknown—  
    A world of eight  
Small islands in the summer sea.  
And—would you be surprised at me?  
    I laughed at Fate!

What is the world to us, I said,  
Who own the reaching Overhead—  
    Sun, moon, and stars,  
Water to drink and air to breathe,  
Flowers to bloom and vines to wreath?  
    Nothing debars

Us from the fullest life indeed,  
With everything we really need—  
    Marred by one single thing;  
A habit rooted in the race,  
A damage and a sad disgrace—  
    Our fatal gossiping.

“Oh,” said a soft voice in my ear,  
“Hear for the last time you may hear,  
    Gossip is dead;  
In new Hawaii you ’ll be dumb,  
Your ears be closed—no tympanum  
    Within your head

“Will e’er disclose the fact that you  
Once heard and gossiped all you knew,  
    And made your land  
No longer paradise, but hell,  
For many a man who loved it well—  
    Unhappy strand!”

I said, “Good angel, I am glad  
I never, never shall be sad;  
    But one request:  
Let all the children talk at will,  
Be only elders dumb and still,—  
    Grant this bequest.”

He did, and never, never more  
Were good men's hearts made sad and sore  
By wicked tongue;  
And all the land was filled with glee,  
The kind, the sweet new Hawaii  
By poets sung.

## Grandmother's Tree

A PEPPER-TREE, graceful and tall,  
Bends feathery branches by my door;  
It grows apace, and more and more  
Does a loved ancestry recall,

Of one that flourished overseas,  
The mother of this pepper-tree,  
Which blossomed in a clime where She  
Sat 'neath its branches in the breeze,

Loving it well in seed or flower,  
Noting its growth from week to week,  
Wishing it favors which bespeak  
A rightful meed of sun and shower.

Seed of my mother's pepper-tree,  
Grown in her California air,  
Here just as fragrant, just as fair,  
You bring my homeland back to me!

Wave on and glisten; lift your head  
Under the blue Hawaiian sky;  
No tree that lives will ever die;  
No loved one that we knew is dead.

We cross the sea and find e'en there  
The purposes of God prevail;  
So life and love shall never fail,  
But go out with us everywhere.



## My Native Hawaii

(Song for the Keauhou children)

**M**Y native Hawaii,  
Where hearts are light and free

And voices sweet;  
In the Hawaiian way  
Our fond *alohas* say,  
As we with laughter gay  
Each other greet!

Thy mountain slopes we love,  
Whose peaks rise high above,  
Touching the sky;  
We love thy rock-bound shores,  
Thy caves and lava-floors,  
O'er which the ocean roars  
And sea-mists fly!

Thy cliffs and waterfalls,  
Thy trails and gray stone walls,  
Thy woodsy ways

Bordered by fragrant flowers,  
Sprinkled by frequent showers,  
Sheltered by cool, sweet bowers  
Through sunny days!

Our Father-God, now we  
For our dear Hawaii  
Do off'rings bring;  
*Leis* of song and praise  
Up in our hands we raise,  
Crowning thee Lord of Days—  
Friend, Brother, King!

ALL OUT OF THE WEST



## Our Girl

**B**Y actual measurement  
Not very tall—

Forty-two inches—that 's all.

Take her by cubic feet or by weight?

Dimension, bulk, quantity, state—

Easily chalked on the slate—

Thirty-four pounds by the scale.

Age? Four years next July,

Twenty-third day.

Fair of skin, blue of eye,

Laughing and gay.

Nothing to pay for her fare?

Travels free anywhere,

Like ministers and dead-beats,

Tramps, hobos, and cheats;

She is valued by what she displaces

And not by her virtues and graces.

On scales, trains, and boats she is *nil*;

For a few years no company will  
Count her a person at all.  
In some ways 't is hard to be small;  
But we know her worth.  
Since her birth  
She 's displaced gold dust, diamond, and  
    pearl;  
They are nothing by the side of our girl!

## The Cherry Bough

**D**RESSED in a red kimono, she  
Is sitting by a dark, gray sea,  
Under a snow-white cherry-tree.

As one by one the petals fall,  
She picks them up and puts them all  
Into her dainty parasol.

O pretty little Japanese,  
Did you come over in the breeze  
Far from your lotus-bordered seas?

You are more like a butterfly;  
A bit of wing—a speck of sky  
Or gauzy cloud-thing up on high!

## The Song of the Weed

I AM only a poor little Indigo,  
With an ugly pinkish flower;  
I do my level best to grow  
Under the sun and shower.

But folks scowl at me and grumble;  
They say I am but a weed,  
Fit only to be meek and humble,  
And gradually go to seed.

Near me is an Easter Lily,  
Watered and petted and fed,  
Till it glances at me so silly,  
Calling me underbred.

I am sure I am doing my duty,  
Which is more than it can say;  
I have something besides my beauty  
To think of from day to day.



It may be I am not pretty,  
But my value is well confessed;  
I am wanted in the city  
By all of the richly dressed.

They boil and they strain and they pound me  
To make me round and small;  
If you look about in the store, you will see  
I am boxed and called Blue-Ball.

And they buy me to make their dresses  
And shirts look like driven snow;  
So when my presence distresses,  
Remember this fact, you know.

For I'm not called a weed in some places;  
They plant and they watch me with care;  
It's the sound of my name that disgraces—  
I am sure it is wholly unfair.

I would n't mind if somebody loved me ;  
If some lassie would ask me my name.  
If they would, I know I should try to be  
Uncomplaining and bear my shame.

For a weed is only a misplaced thing—  
A flower or a beautiful tree ;  
And even some people must bear the sting  
Of being weeds, in their family.

Not that they fail to be good and true,  
Or kind to neighbor and mate ;  
But only because they sprouted and grew  
In an atmosphere of hate,

Where nobody wanted them round at all,  
Where they always were in the way.  
Dear little girl, you 're sweet and small ;  
Just smile on and love me, pray !

And I 'll stand as proudly as any flower  
Or tree in the garden fair;  
I 'll bloom and seed in the sun and shower  
Of this sweet Hawaiian air.

And you 'll say, "There 's poor little Indigo;  
He 's doing his level best  
To stand up straight and daily grow,  
In my garden, like the rest."

## Rain

EVERY sort and kind of rain  
Falls in Hawaii;  
When it pours hard over there,  
Here it 's dry as it can be!

Like an army it comes on,  
With a smoke and roar;  
Over villages and trees  
Down to the seashore.

When it 's atomizer day,  
Oh, 't is such real fun  
Just to see God spray the earth  
In the shining sun!

When he drops rain through a sieve,  
It comes down so straight  
It would soak you if you ran  
To the *mauka* gate.

If it comes down through the hose,  
Driven by a Kona wind,  
You will have to stay inside,  
Closing every door and blind.

Sometimes God takes his big cup—  
The Big Dipper—in his hand,  
And just splashes water down  
Over all the land!

Oh, it falls upon the roof  
With a gleeful, joyful ring,  
And, perhaps, a lightning flash  
Followed by some thundering!

This is just the kindest rain,  
For it washes every tree;  
It's God's shower-bath for the earth,  
Which God sends in Hawaii.

## Over by Keauhou

THESE are the woods I love,  
Over by Keauhou;  
Through the dark *lehua* woods,  
Where the bright *lehuas* blow.

There is a winding road  
Over by Keauhou,  
With a strip of tender grass  
In the middle of the row.

The milkweed flourishes  
Over by Keauhou;  
And with shamrocks blossoming,  
The crepe-like poppies grow.

There is lantana, too,  
Over by Keauhou;  
And even it, I often think,  
Has beauty to bestow.

The wild pinks in the rocks  
Over by Keauhou  
Neighbor the ironweed  
And the common indigo.

The ancient sea shines blue  
Over by Keauhou,  
And breaks in foam on the sandy shore  
In a constant ebb and flow.

You 'll not wonder, then, that  
Over by Keauhou,  
By the winding road and shady trees,  
I shall ever love to go!

## No "Chimbleys" in Hawaii

**I**F you ask a little child  
Born in Hawaii to make  
Just the picture of a house,  
He will take

Pad and pencil, draw for you  
Every window, every door.  
When it's finished, you will say,  
"One thing more,—

"You forgot the chimney-piece—  
Makes the house seem done, you see."  
Then your artist, looking down,  
Wrapped in study brown will be.

"In Hawaii, don't you know,  
Houses have no chimbleys on,"  
He will say, at length, to you;  
"That is why they were not drawn."



## A Wee Girlie

WHENCE came her witching ways?  
From her of olden days

Who was so fair?

Blue eyes and tempting smile,

Lips which the heart beguile,

And love ensnare!

Graces all yet unsung,

Set like pure gems among

Ruby and pearl;

Nothing could lovelier be

Told of o'er land and sea

Than this wee girl!

Long will her tresses grow,

As birthdays come and go;

Fairer her face!

Wait till this little maid

Comes sixteen years arrayed,

In Dottie's place.

## Big Words

**M**Y tongue is quite too short  
For a very long word—  
Twenty feet or a half an inch wide,  
Like some I've heard.

I see they mostly stay  
Flattened out in a book—  
Stretched here and there like centipedes  
Wherever you look.

They give me such a shock;  
I wish I did n't care.  
Some people like to see them crawl  
Out everywhere.

Hawaiian words are soft,  
Nice and easy to say:  
*Pehea makemake oe*  
*Kamehameha polole.*

It's very funny, too,  
That *malahinis* find  
It hard to say the very words  
I do not mind:

*He kaikamahine hilahila oia;*  
*Ua mehamaha loa wau;*  
*He keike kane maikai ia*  
*Oe pilikia pau.*

## Ripe Guavas

**D**ID you ever smell  
Ripe guavas

On the ground?

To me 't is like some pleasing rhyme

Or pleasant sound ;

It makes me think of other things

Which sea-air brings

In guava time!

## Lucina

SAY not no fairies come to earth;  
Will ye not own  
That aëry spirits at each birth  
With dewy fingers snap the girth  
Which circles round our tropic zone?

## Which?

### I

**B**EWARE of the girl—yes, well you may,—  
Beware of the girl with eyes of gray;  
If you don't you will live to regret the day.  
She is sharp and cold—as cutting as steel  
Which severs the flesh of things that feel;  
She can never be warmed by your appeal.

### II

Beware of the girl with eyes of blue;  
She will make a consummate fool of you  
Just as sure as you live; and this is true.  
There's something down deep in those eyes,  
you see,  
Which hastens a man's temerity,  
Then leaves him to mourn in uncertainty.

### III

Beware of the girl with eyes of brown,  
Who thro' long lashes looks laughingly down;  
She's as dangerous as any in all the town.  
Though her smile is heavenly, beware, for she  
Is as false as the waving alder tree  
From which Anodas was told to flee.

### IV

Beware of the lass with hazel eyes;  
She's as far as the zenith of summer skies  
When thoughts of loving or love arise.  
She will hear you and cheer you, but know  
She is not affected by things below;  
She lives in an atmosphere of snow.

### V

Beware of the girl with eyes of black—  
Eyes that borrow your gaze and flash it back,  
With power to conquer your heart, alack!  
They flash into lightning for love or hate;  
They never endure; they can never wait—  
They are the shadowy eyes of Fate!

## Our Camp-House in the Tree

**S**TRANGE it may seem and still be true,  
Some magic built our cabin home;  
For in a single night it grew—  
Floor, rafters, wall, and dome!

Lo! in the morning there it stood,  
Rosy as sunrise, in the tree,—  
A camp-house in the piny wood  
For Marion and me!

Up tiny stairs, you reach the door,  
Which you may enter if you will,  
Step on the unstained, fragrant floor,  
Or lean upon the sill!

Everything cosy: desk and bed,  
Table and chairs and bookshelves, too;  
Gay flags and ribbons overhead—  
And windows to look through!



Here all day long the great pines sigh,  
And sing and sigh their monotone;  
And all the night their constant cry  
Verges upon a moan;

Yet sweet and full of subtle cheer,  
As song of any happy bird—  
Such melancholy to the ear  
Comes like some friendly word!

Green branches waving in the breeze,  
Sunrise and sunset, sea and sky,  
Moonlight, and motion of the trees,  
And starshine up on high!

Come, gentle friend, and share our lot;  
Return to tree-life once again;  
Live the calm days you have forgot—  
Once vouchsafed unto men!



BREATHE AND BLOW



## Early Birds and Worms

### I

**B**IRDS in their nests agree—  
If they did n't they 'd soon fall out;  
And the early bird gets the worm,  
But it 's hard on the worm, no doubt!

### II

Early to rise may be good for the head,  
And early to bed for the eyes;  
But wisdom has as little to do with wealth  
As rising with health or pies.

### III

As the twig is bent the tree 's inclined,  
But it all depends on the way of the wind.

#### IV

They talk about birds in a nest;  
They must think that we never see  
How the chickens fail to agree.

How dogs fight and cats scratch  
Each other for nothing at all;  
We see it, though we are small.

It would be better to tell us the truth—  
Let us know that a bird or a cat  
Can't be blamed very much for a spat.

But for little women and men,  
Who have reason to guide them along,  
It is a shame and a wrong.

## Spider, Spider!

**S**PIDER, spider,  
Industrious outsider,  
Why do you spin in the sun?  
Don't be afraid;  
Come into the shade.  
We two will have some fun.

Spider, spider,  
Ethereal outrider,  
You are an architect!  
Your floss is strung  
The leaves among;  
No break can I detect!

Spider, spider,  
Patient abider,  
Sometime a bee will fly  
Into your trap  
S-sh-ker-whap!  
I'm glad it isn't I!

Spider, spider,  
Legal adviser;  
You are a lawyer, too!  
With as many fine strands  
As the law has demands,—  
A conjurer are you!



## How the Lava Flowed at Kau\*

IT broke with a rush and a gush,—  
The sky and the sea were both aflush  
With a fitful carmine blush,—  
A swish and a whir and a crackling hiss,  
Like the tossing of waves in some abyss;  
Downward and onward it came,  
A torrent of fire and flame;  
Bursting of rocks with a thundering crash,  
A creaking of clinkers, a break and a smash;  
Trees burned to cinders and rocks turned to  
ash.  
Wide stretched the mountain, all flooded with  
glare,  
Lighted to heaven with streamlets and flare;  
Smoke over all, massing high in the air—  
Hell opened widely to view everywhere.  
It was awful, and yet it was grand,  
Whether you stood on sea or on land.

\*Recent flow at Kahuku, Kau.

Now a stream makes a channel and runs to  
the sea.

Will it flow by your side or come over to me?  
It carries great boulders; it turns now,—oh,  
see!

The whole mass is moving; we people must  
flee!

No!—now it is climbing the hill to the west;  
It is storming the citadel, reaching the crest;  
Molten lava and hot cinders in advance and  
abreast—

There is nothing on earth such a force to  
arrest;

It will cover the forest and fill up the sea,  
Devastate acre on acre, and leave not a tree;—  
But watch! It has ceased, and the visage of  
Day

Sees the land wrapped in shadow and the earth  
robed in gray.

## Can't You Talk?

CAN'T you talk? You listen so;  
Gypsie, bow-wow, answer me.

You have eyes and you can see,  
You have feet and you can go;  
What's your tongue for if you can't  
Tell me what I want to know?

But I love you, doggie dear,  
And you know it, Gypsie mine;  
For your eyes they snap and shine;  
Let me whisper in your ear.

Could you talk perhaps you 'd say  
What I should n't care to hear!

Let it be so, pupsie dear;  
I am satisfied with you,—  
Always silent, always true,  
Never giving me a tear;

In Hawaii, as elsewhere,  
Words are sometimes bad, I fear.

## Fit for a Queen

**D**ID you ever think of it?  
You will, if you think a bit;  
It does n't take much wit.

The sky is a parasol,  
And you are a little doll  
Under it, 'cute and small!

It's now a beautiful blue,  
Which you can just see through  
As it stretches over you!

And under your feet, so clean,  
Is a carpet fresh and green,—  
Fit enough for any queen!

Now we think of it, this stone,  
As any one might have known,  
Will make you a queenly throne!

## Pillow Thoughts

**W**HEN day-thoughts are locked up at  
night,

*How do our dream-thoughts get through?*

*Little pillow, so soft and white,*

*I think they must come from you.*

*I know you are full of something, —*

*Up in your head, I guess, —*

*But you seem to do your thinking*

*When close to your heart I press.*

*Then pretty dreams pass in my ear,*

*And all your feathers sing.*

*I wish I could tell what I hear;*

*It's too sweet for anything.*

*It's 'cute for my pillow to keep*

*Itself so much awake;*

*To talk and talk when I'm asleep,*

*All for a little girl's sake.*

*But perhaps that's the pillow's way,  
And, if so, it must be right;  
So Dorothy can think by day  
And her pillow think by night.*

## Not a Larva or Pupa or Stupid Old Grub

I AM sure it is ever so much nicer to be  
Just what you are, whether a girl or a tree,  
Without turning to something different, you  
see.

In fairy stories which they oftentimes tell,  
When it happened or chanced or befell,  
Things always turn out very well.

The singing mosquito once lived in a tub  
In water the laundryman uses to scrub,—  
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub.

It may be delightful for wrigglers that lie  
Down below in the tank to look up in the sky  
And think to themselves it won't be long till  
they fly.

But it's sweeter to be able to look back and  
say,

I'm just what I am,—what I was yesterday,  
Though older and larger,—a girl anyway.

Not a larva or pupa or stupid old grub,  
Reared in a strong cheese or born in a tub,  
Which any nice creature would certainly snub.

To change from a worm to a butterfly gay,  
From a gnome to a dryad, and all in a day,  
Is something too strange to believe right away.

But I believe it, of course, for the scientists  
know;

And all that they say is most certainly so,  
From the falling of rocks to the rising of  
dough.



I would hate to be born grown-up, like a fly,  
Or never have girlhood, or be growing—oh,  
my!

If I could n't think back to my childhood, I 'd  
die.

'T is nice to be young till it 's time to be old;  
To see all the long years their treasure unfold,  
And at last to rejoice in youth's stories retold.

When the poor become rich by a sudden uplift,  
Any way but along the slow passage of thrift,—  
By wild speculation or the curse of a gift,—

It reacts on the parties and spoils them for  
earth,—

They 're ashamed of their parents, ashamed of  
their birth,—

Till all that they are is but "What are they  
worth?"

'T is the butterfly cycle: a sudden uprise,  
One day an earthworm and the next in the  
    skies,  
Though it masks in the sunshine and wears  
    many a guise.

Perhaps, after all, I may some day take wings,  
And become a real part of ethereal things  
Without losing the joy which my ancestry  
    brings.

## The Sunday Sermon

I DON'T like churches very well,  
Especially on Sunday.  
I would n't mind them quite so much  
On Saturday or Monday;  
But when we go there Sabbath morn,  
The choir makes such a racket  
And Deacon Brown looks so forlorn,  
I scramble for my jacket;  
Then up a man gets and begins  
To shout and point his finger,  
Till I declare the very air  
Persuades me not to linger.

The people rise and then sit down,  
And sing and repeat verses;  
After, the strange man looks so wild  
And shrieks aloud and curses:  
So this lasts nearly for an hour,  
Till I grow tired of thinking

About the sky, the sea, the shower,  
And get a fit of blinking;  
I count and count the mudwasp's nests  
Scattered about the ceiling,  
And then at last—it comes so fast—  
Sleep o'er my senses stealing.

I tried to sing once with the choir—  
“I 've a longing in my heart, Louise,”—  
But folks looked back at me so cross  
And mamma gave my arm a squeeze;  
Then I subsided and kept still  
And sat as prim as any one.  
But I don't think it is God's will  
To worship without smiles or fun;  
If preaching is so dull and sad,  
So much like fierce debating,  
For lass or lad it must be bad,  
And far from elevating.

## Rock-a-Bye Earth

'TIS very odd and funny  
To have a real earthquake,  
To feel the whole earth tremble,  
To feel an island shake!  
Perhaps the Lord is rocking  
His children all to sleep.  
It does seem rather shocking,  
But He will surely keep  
Us, as He 's often done before;  
So I won't worry any more.

Perhaps the earth is playing,  
As I do with my doll;  
And this is only make-believe,  
And not a shake at all.  
Or p'raps the earth is very cold,  
Or has a quaking fever;

Of course we know she 's getting old,  
And this must truly grieve her;  
Or, maybe, she got frightened at  
Some astronomic acrobat!

There 's two things, I am thinking,  
Don't care much how we rock—  
Birds in the air and fishes,  
Who would n't feel the shock.  
Or if you went in a balloon,  
The earth might shake and tremble;  
You 'd be as safe as on the moon,  
Where ghostly things assemble.  
It 's all so very odd to me,—  
This rocking of the earth, you see!

SLEEP AND REST





## The Pine-Tree's Lullaby

UP on the hill so straight and still  
The pine stands in the breeze,  
And sighs and sings among the trees,  
Murmuring and whispering high aloft  
The minor chorus of the croft—  
A sougling, wistful, sleepful song.  
Its babies stand about its feet,  
Guarded from rainstorm and from heat,  
While mother pine-tree all day long  
Keeps sighing, singing soft and low,—  
“Grow, little pinelings, grow!”

## That is the Place to Go

**W***HO understands like mother  
The language of baby's eyes,  
As she grants every mute petition  
With a loving sacrifice?*

*No one can see like mother  
The sorrows of baby's heart;  
And never had surgeon half her skill  
In the practice of his art!*

*Nobody finds like mother  
The trouble when baby cries;  
And nothing we know can soothe like her  
Sweet kisses and lullabies!*

*Turn thy blue eyes to mother,  
Hide in the folds of her dress;  
Sweet token of love thou art bringing—  
A gospel to cheer and bless!*

*Go to thy mother, baby;*

*None other loveth thee so.*

*Nestle and croon at her snow-white breast:*

*Sweet, that is the place to go.*

## Gone to Sleep

**S**HE has gone to sleep!  
So we lay her down in her little bed,  
Our fingers caressing her curly head  
Tenderly, lovingly;  
Thinking, not daring to say with each breath,  
That sleep, precious sleep, is twin-brother to  
death;  
That near, oh so near, to the blest Land of God  
Is our sweet Land of Nod!

She has gone to sleep!  
Her fingers unclasped after wearisome play,  
Her eyes like shut flowers at closing of day—  
Restfully, trustingly;  
Knowing full well that our Father will keep  
Fair little maids who have fallen asleep.  
So near, oh so near, to the blest Land of God  
Is our sweet Land of Nod!

She has gone to sleep!  
Only to sleep, but we bend down an ear  
Over her warm breast to listen and hear,  
Faithfully, ceaselessly,  
True tender heart just as loyal as pure—  
Counting life's pulses and making them sure.  
Like, oh so like, to the blest Land of God  
Is our sweet Land of Nod!

She has gone to sleep!  
But soon she will wake when the portals of  
pearl  
Have opened to let through our own dainty  
girl,  
Smilingly, gleefully,  
Bounding to us and to life once again,  
Down from strange mansions to houses of men.  
Near, oh so near, is the blest Land of God  
To our sweet Land of Nod!

## Guide Me!

**T**HE Crescent and the Star  
Shine on me from afar;  
Dim lights upon the sea  
Are beckoning to me,  
And the night, with rustling wings,  
Shadows the sea, and sings.

O Moon! O Star! O Sea!  
Guide me! Guide me!

The Cross—there does it lie  
In the star-pierced sky,  
And the wind blows toward the sea,  
Whisperingly and mournfully.  
Cross of the South, dost thou bear  
Sins of the sea-dead there?

O Moon! O Star! O Sea!  
Guide me! Guide me!

When I look on the ocean floor,  
And the black edge of the shore,  
Strange sounds fall on my ear,  
And I know not what I fear.  
But she sleeps safe from all harm—  
Sweetly she sleeps on my arm.

O Moon! O Star! O Sea!  
Guide me! Guide me!

Child of my life, O child, my dear,  
God is above and thou art here,  
And the Crescent and the Star  
Shine out upon us from afar.  
But the Cross still hangs in the evening  
sky,—

Is it to guide or to crucify?

O Moon! O Star! O Sea!  
Guide me! Guide me!





ENVOI



## The Book's Done

**I**SN'T it strange how thoughts unfold  
All of themselves, like cloth of gold—  
How threadlike words arrange themselves,  
As flowers, or buds, or gnomes, or elves,  
Till the whole fabric's spun  
And the book is done?

Forms appear like some magic face,  
Everything right and in its place;  
All your labor is but to write,  
And lo! the sheet is no longer white!  
You are the Author, you must bend—  
On to the thrilling, tragic end!



## Glossary

- Aloha Nui Oe (ah-low'-hah new'-y o'-a), Much love to you.  
Hawaii (hah-wah-éé).  
Hualalai (hoo-ah-lah-ly'), A mountain on Hawaii.  
He kaikamahine hilahila oia (hay ky-kah-mah-hee'-nay hee'-lah-hee'-lah ô-ē-ah), She's a blushing girl.  
He keikekane maikai ia (hay kay-ē'-kay-kah'-nay mah-ee-kah-ee ē'-ah), He is a fine boy.  
Kahuku (kah-hoo'-koo), A place in Hawaii.  
Kamehameha (kah-may'-hah-may'-hah), First king of Hawaiian Islands.  
Kau (kah-oo'), District on Hawaii.  
Kona (Kō'-nah), District on Hawaii.  
Kukui (koo-koo'-y), Native tree, also called Candlenut (*Aleurites moluccana*).  
Keauhou (kay-ow-ho'), A pretty seaport on Hawaii.  
Leis (lay'-ēēs), Wreaths.  
Malahini (mah-lah-hee'-ny), Stranger.  
Menehune (may-nay-hoo'-nay), Brownies of Hawaii.  
Oe pilikia pau (ô-ā pee-lee-kee'-ah pow), Your trouble is over.  
Pehea makemake oe (pay-hay'-ah mucky-mucky ô'-ā), What do you want?  
Polole (po-lo-lay'), Straight; correct.  
Ua mehameha loa wau (oo-ah may-hah-may-hah low'-ah wow), I am very lonely.





LOS ANGELES BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



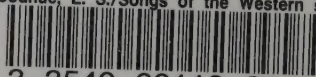


THE MASTER'S COLLEGE

811.5 G618s

MAIN

Goodhue, E. S./Songs of the Western sea



3 3540 00110 3148